

Ruins Of The Future

Borknagar

Upon the ruins of future, I climbed to behold
A distance so pale, an existence so cold
Resembling the views, these angels of damnation
As my mind came and flew Upon the ruins of future, I stood to be told
That the future will fail upon the hands that fold
At the edge of the horizon, I saw the harmony of havoc
The path of the marauders, [Incomprehensible] yet tremendous Upon the failure, denial of token
Upon the speech in my tongue spoken
The sign, the pulse that protrude The resound, the return
The sequence that concludes the fall of man
The fall of man Upon the ruins of future, I climbed to behold
A distance so pale, an existence so cold
Resembling the views, these angels of damnation
As my mind came and flew Upon the ruins of the future
I settled to be bold
When the downfall arise, as I am told The denomination of the grandiose demise
Granted as the [Incomprehensible] impetus Upon the failure, denial of token
Upon the speech in my tongue spoken Upon the ruins of the future
I settled to be bold
When the downfall arise, as I am told
When the downfall arise, as I am told

Songwriters

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